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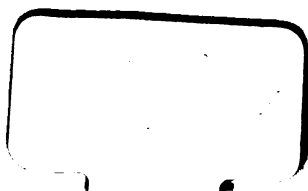
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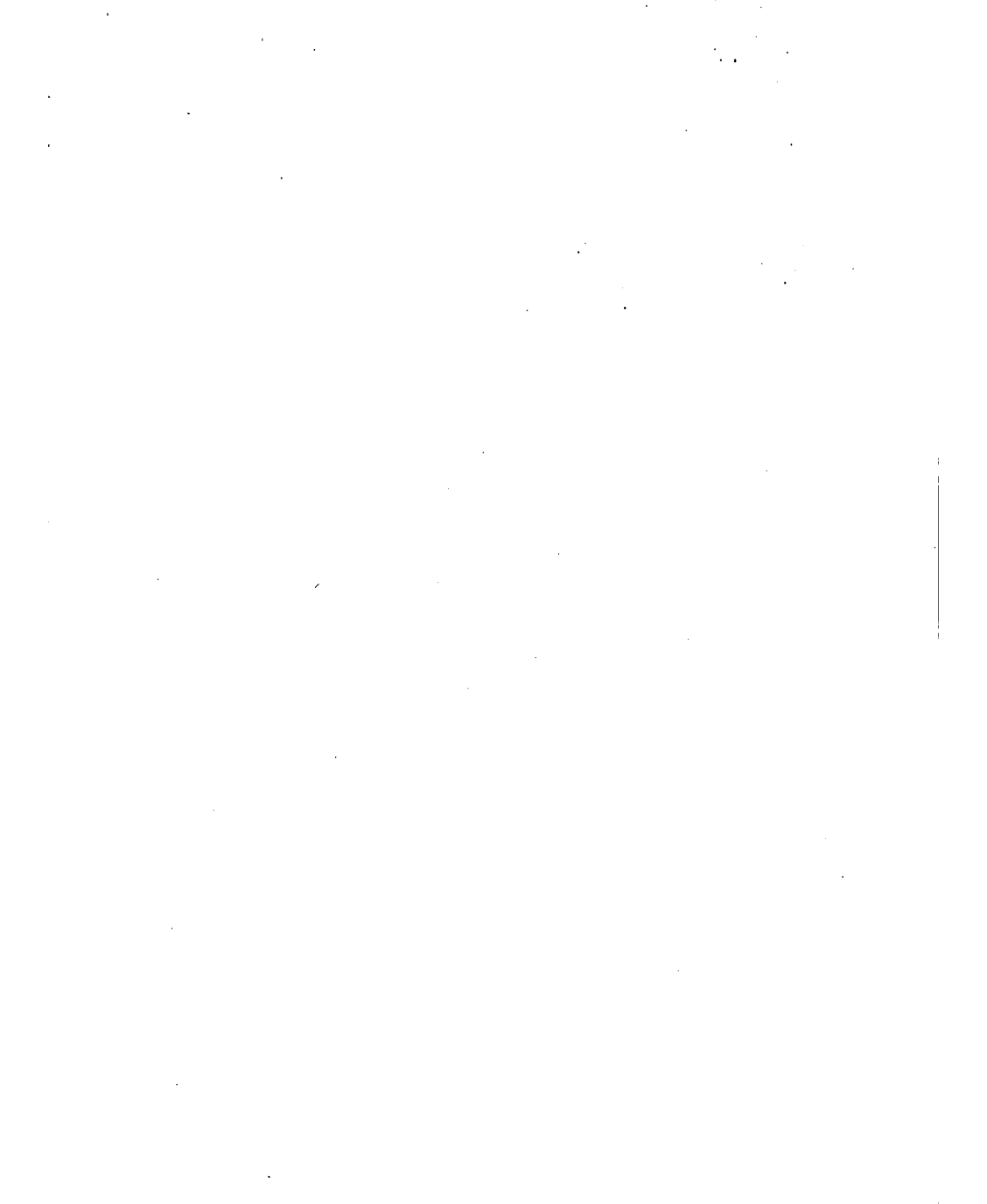


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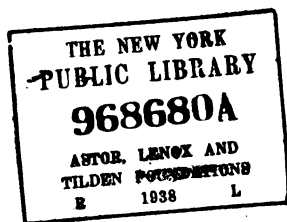
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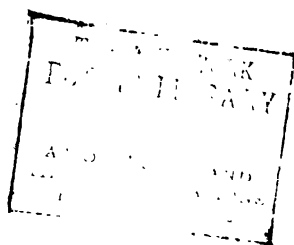
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MRS. JENNIE ELISABETH GATES,
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TO KATHERINE MAY, OUR ONLY AND
EARLY-CROWNED DAUGHTER.

PREFACE.

IN sending forth on its journey this little volume of miscellaneous poems, the author is aware that some of its pages may be criticised as being too personal. This criticism would be just had it been prepared primarily for the public instead of the many friends of her to whom it is dedicated.

The author is indebted to editors of various periodicals for courteous permission to include in this collection of poems some which have previously appeared in print.

To meet the wishes of those most deeply interested in her, in loving memory of whom this book has been prepared, some poems have been added which portray in some measure the last days of her beautiful life.

This simple volume goes forth accompanied with the prayerful hope that the heart of each reader may find somewhere on its pages some "crumb of comfort." And when in the wine press of pain and sorrow, which sooner or later falls to the lot of all, each reader may find in these lines that which will aid in seeing the Christ within.

Rutland, Vt.

J. E. G.



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Heart Echoes.

LOVE.

LOVE is the furnace in whose fire
Two hearts are melted into one ;
Or like the music of some lyre
Which hath by angel hands been strung.

Love is the compass and the chart
By which in safety we may sail
Life's troubled sea, and with glad heart
Reach our dear home despite the gale.

Love is our sun, our pale, fair moon,
Lighting our day, cheering our night ;
Of all God's gifts the dearest boon,
Leading where faith is lost in sight.

Most holy priestess ! at thy shrine
We kneel and quaff life-giving wine ;
Thy temple courts all saints have trod ;
Thy name's the synonym of God.

MY TRYSTING PLACE.

WHERE shall I find that sacredmost
Of places, 'mid the countless host
Of living souls, O heart of mine,
My trysting place with the Divine ?

I look toward heaven ; I only see
The index of Infinity.
Where shall I find, O heart of mine,
My trysting place with the Divine ?

I lay my head on the green sod ;
It simply says, " There is a God."
Where shall I find, O heart of mine,
My trysting place with the Divine ?

Earth, ocean, air, and vaulted sky,
E'en though I plead, give no reply ;
I look within, and lo ! I see
An image of the Deity.
And here I find, O heart of mine,
My trysting place with the Divine.

THE SECRET.

I ASKED the roses, as they grew
Richer and lovelier in their hue,
What made their tints so rich and bright ;
They answered, " Looking toward the light."

Ah, secret dear ! said heart of mine,
God meant my life to be like thine,
Radiant with heavenly beauty bright,
By simply " looking toward the Light."

SILENCE IN HEAVEN.

" There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."—Rev. viii, 1.

SILENCE in heaven ! And can it be
That not one note of minstrelsy
Sent forth its echoes through heaven's dome,
Telling that other souls had come ?

And did that wondrous, wondrous throng
Who every moment speed along
To find their way to heaven's gate—
Did they outside in silence wait ?

Did every harper bend the ear
To list if there was silence here
Among the strife of tongues of men—
If silence reigned where war had been ?

Did e'en the stream beneath the throne
Forget to flow ? Angels who'd flown
So oft in rapturous bursts of song—
Did they sit silent, half hour long ?

They who through tribulation came—
Did e'en they cease to praise the name
Through which they triumphed ? Did not speak
Of tears all wiped from sorrow's cheek ?

Was there no whisper of a love
Chilled by earth's blasts, but when above
Earth's blighting breath it bloomed again,
Perfect and pure, without a stain ?

Did mother-hearts all cease to sing
Their thankful songs unto the King,
Who gave their children, free from pain,
Into their mother-arms again ?

Did no brave martyred warrior there
Cause some vibration of the air
Of that still heaven ; speaking of peace,
Where war, its rumors, too, must cease?

Silence in heaven for one half hour !
Who would have thought that Time had power
To measure silence to that throng,
And make a rest in heaven's song ?

Once, only once, did silvered Time
Cross o'er the boundary of that clime
Whose ages are eternity,
Whose limit is infinity.

But once, that for a brief half hour,
To Father Time was given power
To hush the myriad, heavenly host,
Who vie in praising God the most.

INFLUENCE.

A PEBBLE cast upon the streamlet's bosom
Makes circles widening even to the shore.

A little word, perchance most lightly spoken,
May waken answering echoes evermore.

The birdling on its first aerial journey
Makes some vibrations new in upper air.
One little deed of kindness through long ages
Must leave its trail of golden light somewhere.

Ne'er was there bark so frail but on the ocean
It left its track of foam upon the wave ;
So every day, yea, hour, we set in motion
Some influence which may blight or which may save.

How wary, then, of thought, of words, of actions,
Ought all life's storm-tossed mariners to be ;
Lest souls unnumbered, following through the tempest,
By some mistake of ours may shipwrecked be.

BALM FOR THE BROKEN HEART.

THIS world is fair. And the sunshine bright ;
The green sward sleeps in its golden light ;
All nature wears an enchanting smile,
But my poor heart is breaking.

This world is fair. And the rippling rill
Joyously winds its way until
It is lost in the boundless ocean,
While my poor heart is breaking.

This world is fair. And the children's song
And merry laughter all day long
Find echoing answers in the breezes.
But my poor heart is breaking.

This world is fair. I look toward the sky
When the stars are out; utter this cry,
"Is there no balm for a broken heart?"
For my poor heart is breaking.

This world is fair. There is a balm
For a broken heart. There is always calm
When the tempest wild has ceased its raging.
But my poor heart is breaking.

This world is fair. I have found the balm
For a broken heart. And a hallowed calm.
Yes, the Christ within is the calm and balm
For every heart that's breaking.

IMMORTAL.

DIE? No! God's children never die ;
But after this brief life is spent
They live mid possibilities
Made perfect, and with power to grasp
The infinite. They live amid
The genial, glowing fires of love,
Which wane not ; but which brighter grow
Throughout the eternal ages.
That love which bears the signet, pure
And white, of heaven's perfection.
There, with mind expanded, they do
Grasp the meaning of eternity.
Nor is this all ; when the green sod
Hath hid from mortal eye the form
Of clay, they still live by impress
They have made on lives of others ;
Lives made purer by reflected
Whiteness of their character.
Yes, they live in thoughts which they have
Breathed, and prayers which they have offered.
They live in pulses quickened by
The daring of their deeds ; or may be

(I blush to say it) that they live
In hearts made timid by their own
Mean cowardice.

Then, if to live meaneth so much,
How should we strive to reach all that
Most high and holy is. Nor count
Too great the cost of any act
Which bears us upward into that
Clear, upper ether of soul-calm,
Which always seals the approval
Of our conscience and our God.

THE LOOM OF THE MIND.

WITH the shuttle of thought, in the loom of the mind,
We are constantly weaving; each thought of its kind
Sending out its vibrations of weal or of woe,
And no one can tell how far they may go.

The patterns we weave in the loom of the mind,
With their blendings of color, we surely will find
Reproduced on life's canvas, some time through the years,
With their angels of joy or their specters of fears.

And always our shuttle clean-threaded must be,
Or blemish in weaving we surely will see ;
For remember, each thought sends forth of its kind
From this wonderful, wonderful loom of the mind.

THE TWO.

THE lovers two
In a canoe ;
Glide down the stream,
Whose silver gleam
Shows faces bright
With love's own light.
He but nineteen,
While she had seen
Just one year more
Than four times four.

And as they sail,
Each gentle gale
Wafts perfumes rare
Of roses fair ;
For this is June—
How dear a boon

To lovers true !
When life seems new
To the fond two
In a canoe.
The whispering trees—
Yes, even these
All seem to tell
The tale full well
Of love and joy,
Which girl and boy
Scarce dare repeat
In accents sweet ;
The blushing two
In a canoe.
The twinkling star
Shines from afar
With love-lit eye.
The moon on high
Beams her calm face
With smiling grace,
And seems to say,
Blessings for aye !
On lovers two
In a canoe !
•

PHEBE.

THERE is a little bird that sings,
Phebe! Phebe!
How glad he seems to tell to me
His sweetheart's name, as cheerily
He sings and wings from tree to tree,
Phebe! Phebe!

This question rises in my heart :
Phebe! Phebe!
Does your fond sweetheart sing to you
In winter and in summer too?
And does love last the whole year through?
Phebe! Phebe!

And to my heart this answer comes :
Phebe! Phebe!
" 'Tis always summer," sings the bird ;
" Of winter we have never heard."
Then once again comes this sweet word,
Phebe! Phebe!

" Love knows no winter," sings the bird,
Phebe! Phebe!

“When autumn leaves begin to fall,
We hear the southern zephyrs call,
And we fly to them, that is all.”
Phebe! Phebe!

What a sweet lesson thou dost teach!
Phebe! Phebe!
All thou hast said, how true! how true!
There's sunshine always for me too;
For love does last the whole year through.
Phebe! Phebe!

CHANGES.

“CHANGED from glory into glory,”
Is it true that I may be?
Yes, from youth to age most hoary,
Changes such may come to me.

How, O how, can this transforming
Come to pass in heart of mine?
What great power can do this warming,
Melting, molding, so divine?

Gold must melted be ere minted,
Clay be moist ere it takes mold ;
So doth God, with love unstinted,
From my dross refine his gold.

But He sometimes kindles round me
Furnace fires of scorching heat ;
Just as surely doth surround me
With triumphant love complete.

He himself doth tend the furnace,
Watching how the fire doth glow ;
When the metal's duly melted,
He will quench the fire, I know.

But He'll keep it burning brightly,
Until on the fiery stream
He can see his face, though lightly,
On the melted metal gleam.

Thus He surely, surely changes
Me to glory all divine ;
And to glory still diviner
Doth He make his image shine.

Every day may bring these changes
In these earthly lives of ours ;
For no height of heaven ranges
Higher than our spirit's powers.
And e'en death cannot affright us ;
This is but another change
Into glory, to delight us
With its vast, infinite range.
Oft methinks I see the victor
As he gains the city fair ;
Drinking of those streams of nectar,
Reveling midst the glories there.
"Changed from glory into glory."
Yes, dear Lord, I clearly see,
How from youth to age most hoary
These great changes come to me.

COULDST THOU BUT SEE.

I SEE thee fold the icy hands
Across the breast ;
Obedient once to my commands,
But now at rest.

I see thee gaze on pallid face
And drop a tear.
That marble form ! my dwelling place
Ere I came here.

Like alabaster box so fair,
With ointment gone ;
Like flower which perfumed the night air,
Closing at dawn.

Like eaglet when he first has tried
His airy wings,
Forsakes the craggy mountain side
For higher things.

Thus when our Father spoke the word
Of liberty,
Obedient broke the silver cord,
And I was free.

Couldst thou but see as I now see,
Thou wouldst not weep ;
Nor wouldst thou ever say of me,
" She is asleep."

No ! not asleep, but all awake
With power divine.
Would not exchange e'en for love's sake,
This life for thine.

As soars the bird, unfettered, free,
Thus oft I go ;
And find my place close beside thee,
Dost thou not know ?

When sorrow blights thee with her power,
Then I draw near ;
Tell thee of strength meet for the hour,
And calm thy fear.

Life's little day will soon be past,
Its shadows gone ;
Life's hardest lesson learned at last ;
Then heaven will dawn.

If thou couldst see as I now see,
Thou couldst not weep ;
And every thought would bring to thee
Glad comfort deep.

MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

If I traversed the world from pole to pole,
All alone without one kindred soul—
Alone? ah, no! this could never be,
For my mother's love would follow me,
 My mother's prayer.

If I sailed the wondrous, wondrous deep,
And 'neath its waves should fall asleep,
I am very sure that even there
I would feel the influence of her prayer—
 My mother's prayer.

If I suddenly should rise to fame,
I know I could ne'er forget her name;
I'd know that the power which held me there
Was the secret influence of her prayer—
 My mother's prayer.

Should I find myself in a prisoner's cell,
And within my breast I carried a hell,
I know very well that even there
I'd clearly recall my mother's prayer—
 My mother's prayer.

Should I find myself in the highest heaven,
And the victor's crown to me be given,
I would share the triumph of that hour,
With her whose prayers had such wondrous power—
My mother's prayers.

THE CROCUS.

"I AM here," said the crocus, and lifted its head
Up toward the sun from its warm earth-bed.

"I am dressed in my best,
And you know the rest ;
That I'm a brief guest
On the old earth's breast."

"Good-bye," said the crocus, and closed its pale eye,
And faded and drooped and seemed ready to die ;

And you know the rest ;
It had done its best,
And so this sweet guest
Went gently to rest.

Man, it is said, cometh forth like a flower,
And perisheth, too, in a single hour.

Well, you know the rest ;
If man does his best
While he is earth's guest,
He finds sweetest rest.

Man is immortal, man cannot die,
Though wasted the form and closed be the eye.

Well, you know the rest ;
If man does his best,
His soul finds sweet rest
In the land of the blest.

WORRY.

O, THE flurry and worry
Which disturb these lives of ours !
Naught is wrought by fret and hurry,
Save a wasting of our powers.

Let us train the iron muscle
Of our will to fight this foe,
And amid earth's din and bustle
Teach ourselves to gently go.

All the worry will not bring us
One dear thing we so desire ;
But its bitterness will sting us,
Fill our breast with angry fire.
Make diseases to consume us,
Make most dreary life's best hours ;
When we should be working nobly
With our great God-given powers.
Come what will, let no repining
Mar the peace within our breast ;
On a loving God reclining,
Learn to find our perfect rest.

THE WORTH OF A SMILE.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."—Prov. xvii, 22.

It is better to smile than to weep,
And more blessed to give than to keep ;
For the smile which we give may ripen in song,
Reverberate in echoes eternity long.
And life will grow brighter,
And hearts will beat lighter,
And sorrow take wing the meanwhile,
From the magical beam of a smile.

A THOUGHT OF GOD.

A THOUGHT of God! And can it be
That his great thought embodied me?
Part of his being from him sent,
A life to live in body pent.

Before an angel sped through air,
Or seraph sang his sonnet there,
Existed I in that great mind,
Destined an earthly home to find.

He marked my lot, designed my space,
Made me for blessing to my race;
Made me a part of the great mind,
Destined my joy in him to find.

Armed with a wondrous will am I;
That force by which my soul may lie
Restful or restless, as I choose,
Good to receive or good refuse.

That mind which planned the universe
Doth wondrous powers to me disperse;
Gave sun and moon and stars their place,
Reserved for me the power of grace.

His thought, which lives in every flower,
And measures out each passing hour,
Which moves in every gentle breeze,
This thought lives more in me than these.

God moves in orbit infinite,
Thinks, speaks, and does that which is right ;
Infinite love measures each thought,
His every plan with blessing fraught.

Omniscient, omnipresent He,
Like Him in these I cannot be ;
But of His love and truth doth He
Design that I like Him should be.

A channel for His love to pour
On all I meet its precious store ;
His great design, that I should find
Rest, peace, and bliss of every kind.

EASTER DAY.

HE touched the keys and began to play
On that bright, sad, memorable Easter day.
All alone I sat in the family pew,
While thoughts of sadness, yet sweetness, flew
On lightning wing, through my mind that day,
Of my dearly loved who had gone away.

Ne'er could I describe that volume of sound,
As the waves of harmony floated round
From arch to arch and from choir to nave,
Proclaiming victory o'er the grave.
It told of the Christ who was laid away,
But rose on that wonderful Easter day.

From discords were brought such harmonies rare
That it really seemed that the angels fair
Were voicing their choruses through those keys.
And I thought I saw on bended knees
That numberless host, and heard them say,
"He rose, He rose on glad Easter day!"

Then my aching heart felt a sense of rest,
And I seemed all surrounded by the blest;

On my cheek I thought I felt the warm breath
Of my loved who had passed the bars of death.
Then in my sad heart I began to say,
“ They live, they live on this Easter day ! ”

No longer I felt alone in that pew ;
I was sure that my loved were with me too ;
And while the grand sound rose both loud and long,
I knew that they joined in that wondrous song ;
And in a strange and mysterious way
My heart was made glad that Easter day.

THE RED CLOVER.

Yes, nature hath many charms, I know ;
But in all her realm, wherever I go,
I’ve never found aught that could compare
With a beautiful field of red clover.

In my childhood days when games and plays
Beguiled the hours, the best of all days
Was when I roamed and scented the fields,
Those beautiful fields of red clover.

The years have come, and the years have gone ;
Shadow and sunshine, twilight and dawn,

Have been strangely blended ; still I love
The beautiful fields of red clover.

Oft I close my eyes, and sit and dream
Of dew-kissed clover in sunlight's gleam,
With bees and butterflies here and there
In those beautiful fields of red clover.

Pervading the air with incense sweet,
When the mower lays it low at his feet ;
So pain must make for the harvest meet
E'en those beautiful fields of red clover.

I wonder if, when I am called to go,
And Death, the stern mower, shall lay me low,
Will my last breath yield such influence sweet
As the beautiful fields of red clover ?

MY FALLOW HEART.

God's guiding hand was on the plow
Which broke the soil of my heart's field,
Leaving it fallow ; but I trow
It may some time rich harvest yield.

Grieve not, O wounded heart of mine,
Though harshly pain disturb thy rest ;
Though storm-hid sun hath failed to shine,
And hope lies dead within thy breast !

Though cruel plow hath torn away
Thy blooming hedge of briered rose ;
And hidden from the light of day
Each scented, tinted thing which grows.

Though fallow soil lies torn and dry,
Rejoice that it did heave and break ;
Thy furrows scorched, beneath God's sky,
Shall unto a new life awake.

The soil, so watered with thy tears,
Shall yield a harvest rich and rare ;
And ripened grain, in after years,
Shall be the answer to thy prayer.

Thou wilt not mourn for the wild growth
Which once gave beauty to thy field,
But glad for the sore pain, forsooth,
Which broke thy soil for richer yield.

My heart ! thou must in patience wait ;
God's angels will not fail to reap
The ripened harvest, soon or late,
Of souls who pray, e'en while they weep.

SEEING THE UNSEEN.

THIS earth is God's expression of himself.
Each clinging tendriled and fruit-bearing vine
Holds in its veins far more than spicy wine.
There's melody in every wind which blows ;
And every singing bird, each weed which grows,
Hath something greater than itself by far ;
That something, which reflected in each star,
Bears love's sweet message to each thing which moves ;
E'en the wild beast which in the forest roves.
Turn questioning eye toward the green sod,
Behold each blade, a pencil writing " God,"
On sloping velvet sward or wayside path,
A God of tender love and not of wrath.
See ! how the melting mountain shadows blend
Their dim and hazy outlines, as they send
Their boundary lines into the shining gold
Which streaks the sides of the gray mountains old.

The same mysterious Presence in the trees
As, whispering, they yield to summer breeze.
Ride o'er old ocean's billowy breast,
And read the name inscribed on every crest.
Where'er man looks, up toward the starry space,
Or o'er the shifting sand of desert waste,
From height to depth, behold! The Great Unseen.
His thoughts He breathes in us; but all they mean
We cannot tell. Sometimes within we feel
A Presence in the holy place, and kneel
Adoringly. A hand touches the keys
Of inmost being. Harmonies like these
Must be the soul's responses to its God.

IT STILL LIVES.

A BIRD sang its song on yonder tree;
The summer breeze stole it and wafted to me
Its every note, and did e'en repeat
These words, "Sweet, sweet, love is sweet."
The nest is deserted, the little ones flown;
The bird and the mate he sang to are gone,
But the song still lives.

A kind word was spoken long years ago,
And the good it did you can never know,
Unless you've been hungry of heart, as was I,
For a word of love, which can never die.
Who uttered the word I never knew,
Nor whose were those love-lit eyes of blue,
But the word still lives.

A prayer was offered, and not in vain
Did it wing its way again and again
To the heart of God. For in echoes sweet
It came back to earth, and rich, complete,
Was the blessing it brought to the darling son,
Whose mother's prayer reached the Infinite One.
And the prayer still lives.

LIFE AND DEATH.

FOLDING of busy hands,
Resting of tired feet,
Laying aside all plans,
Beginning rest complete.

The closing of the eye,
Abating of the breath,
Withal to quiet lie ;
Yes ! this is death.

Clasping of dearest hands,
Joining in heaven's song,
Beginning perfect plans,
Our dearly loved among.
Opening our eyes unto
The beauty of the King ;
The eternal ages through
Could give no better thing.
Realm of transcendent bliss,
With choicest blessings rife ;
I *know* that surely this,
Yes ! this is life.

DEPARTING SHIPS.

THOSE dear old ships which sail away,
Freighted with those who love us best,
And dearer far than ships which stay
Anchored in port, without a guest.

On wires unseen our loving thought
Travels to cheer them on the wave.
Who, who can tell what prayer hath wrought,
Or from what dangers prayer may save?
So souls departing bear away
Our tenderest love; the very best
We have to give. While here we stay
Alone with memories and grief pressed.
But why may not these wires of thought
Bear some sweet message to them still?
While they respond, with message fraught
With love and peace and heaven's good will.
Perchance they whisper of that kiss
Made holier by the hand of death;
While we of hand-clasp which we miss,
And voices hushed with parting breath.

OUR PRAYERS.

WHAT is the mist but a part of the ocean?
Noiselessly winging its way through the air,
Rising toward heaven, yet without commotion,
It falleth in blessing everywhere.

Such are our prayers ; like the mist from the ocean
They rise from our hearts. Again and again
Rising and falling. Thus, thus our devotion,
Inspired by God, bringeth blessing to men.

SONNET.

I HEAR a voice ;
From out the gloom and din of war
Reverberant echoes from the far
Philippine Isles ; while nearer still
The victor's shout resounding, fill
Our ears with sounds from Cuba's shore ;
Yet far above this clamorous roar
This voice I hear :

“ I lead mine own from gloom to light,
Evolving peace from war ; to sight
My star of progress bring ; like star
Which led the wise men from afar
To find the Christ.
As mountain climbers often go,
Half losing way, fall far below

The height they gained the day before,
So petulant nations stray, as o'er
The page of history they write
The tale of war. My hand of might
Shall lead them onward, upward too ;
My star shall guide all wanderings through,
Till men their brotherhood shall feel,
Their weapon love, instead of steel."

OUT OF SUFFERING.

It is not until the fruit of the vine
Is crushed that it yieldeth its choicest wine ;
And the sweetest scent of the rarest rose
'Neath the heel of the spoiler richer grows.

And until the rifts are made in the lute,
It is dumb and speechless as a mute ;
And the dead, silent harp-strings strained must be,
If it charm the ear with its melody.

As the wounded bird sings its sweetest song,
So the heart that has bled and suffered long,
Sings a far sweeter, though a minor, strain,
Than it could have sung, had it known no pain.

THE HEART'S DEEP.

So much lies hidden in the heart,
Which human tongue can never tell ;
When best we've tried, 'tis but a part,
And so much less, than all we feel.

So much of sorrow, pain, and woe,
Some threatening waves of discord too ;
And sometimes floods of joy we know,
And lofty aspirations new.

The human heart has wondrous depths,
Where waves, like ocean, heave and swell ;
It also has its ether heights,
Where holiest thoughts forever dwell.

Mysterious ocean ! every hour
It beats against the human breast ;
Its constant ebb and flow of power,
Bring waves of agony or rest.

We hold the sea-shell to our ear ;
It murmurs, but it fails to tell
The mysteries it doth see and hear,
'Neath ocean depths, it knows so well.

As murmuring sea-shell fails to tell
The marvels of its ocean home,
So fail all human words as well,
To show heart-deeps from whence they come.

THE SOUL'S JOURNEY.

A SOUL, all immortal, departed one day ;
Just where, or how far, there were none who could say ;
Though loved ones bent o'er her, of all there were none
Who could journey the way our dear one had gone.
She simply forsook the poor, frail house of clay,
Closed its shutters and doors, and then went away ;
Not a footstep was heard, nor a rustle of wing
Anywhere, but dead silence ; nor did anything
Like the pointing of finger, or beckoning of hand,
Indicate aught of that wonderful land,
To which we were sure that our dear one had gone,
While the hours of the morn were beginning to dawn.

As the bird flees its cage and soars swiftly on high,
As the swift-shooting star speeds its way through the sky,
Like the arrow the skillful, deft archer has shot,
She swept through the ether—which way we knew not,

Leaving no shadow, no trace of the way
In which the soul journeyed, that beautiful day.
The mantle of sickness and sorrow and pain,
All earth's limitations exchanged for the gain
Of life that's eternal. Not a sigh or a moan
Escaped those pale lips as she went out alone;
Ah, no! not alone, for the children of men
Go in crowds to that beautiful country, I ken.

Prayers could not hold her, nor could tears blind her way,
Nor could love's sweet appeal induce her to stay.
"I go," said the pilgrim, "though I do not know where
Is that 'city of rest' they say is so fair.
But one thing I know, that where'er it may be,
The light of that city, they tell me, is He
Who has been my best Friend, when awake or asleep,
Whose promise of love He will ne'er fail to keep."
With grief-stricken hearts, with eyes dimmed with tears,
We look through faith's telescope—lo! there appears
A voyager new on that marvelous sea,
The limitless sea of eternity,
Whose trackless bosom she fearlessly trod,
For she knew that her voyage must lead her to God.

TRANSITION.

My day is fading, night will soon be here ;
God guides my bark so frail, why need I fear ?
That little bark sailed once with buoyant prow,
Even mid raging storms ; but slowly now
It plows the silvery waves which roll so near
The headlands of home-port, my haven dear !
Yes ! now I drift, as in enchanting dream,
Homeward. And all the scenes of earth-life seem,
Like shifting canvas views, to spread before
Me and then fade away. And more and more
I feel the land breeze of that wondrous clime,
Where life is no more measured out by time.

What change is this ? And is my voyage o'er ?
And who are these who throng the sunny shore ?
My loved ones ! Ah ! how glad to meet me here.
Who would have thought that heaven could be so near ?
Lo ! every moment breaks upon my eyes
Some revelation new, some sweet surprise ;
The dying hour, which mortals often dread,
Is but transition sweet, so gently led
Is the departing soul.
What joy to hear the loving Father say,
"Child, this is home ; this is thy glad birthday !

No more of tear-stained eyes. Thou canst not know
At once all heaven's pure joy, but thou shalt grow
Into its mysteries ; thy soul unfold
Like opening rose, its power to grasp the untold
Of love infinite. Thy growing soul shall see
More and still more the meaning of eternity."

THE SONG OF LIFE.

MORNING, noon, and night ;
And
Morning, noon, and night.
And is this all of life ?
Yea, this repeated song is all ;
Yet from this routine so monotonous
'Tis in the power of each to wake
Sublimest harmonies.
And make each morn of life a diapason
Full of praise ; each midday hour
A celebration of the soul's high noon ;
Each night a soothing vesper song,
Sweeter by far than music from the harp
Æolian when 'tis fanned by summer breeze.
Thus shall we wear the royal victor's crown,
And taste e'en here eternal joys.

GETHSEMANE.

THOU who didst change the Paschal board
Into the supper of the Lord,
Upon whose head the ointment rare
Was poured. What treachery can compare
With that which followed love's sweet deed?
Sleeping disciples gave no heed
To thee in prayer, and did not see
Thy sufferings in Gethsemane.

Father, if Thou but willing be,
Remove this bitter cup from me.
No wonder angels heard Thy cry,
Gave strength in hour of agony.
"Hail, Master!" the betrayer's kiss
Did cruel work; for even this
Symbol of purest love, must be
Perverted in Gethsemane.

Gethsemane! O sacred name!
Though years have passed, e'en yet the same
Sacred significance is found.
Thy whispered echoes still abound

In hallowed memories of our Lord,
From whose wise lips these words were heard ;
Disciple must as Master be.
Must I have a Gethsemane ?

Yes, every heart that doth aspire
To holiest life must reach that higher,
And holier ground where angels be,
By some lone, sad Gethsemane.
And when the Father hears our cry,
" Thy will, O Father, not as I !"
Some strengthening angel we shall see
In our lone, dark Gethsemane.

THEY LIVE.

SPACE is no empty desert bare ;
Its ether fields all teeming are
With spirit forms of our loved dead,
For whom so many tears we've shed.

But they're not dead ; far more alive
Than we who pray and toil and strive.
Oft, when our hearts are stilled in prayer
We know, we feel their presence near.

These hosts, which compass us around
And note our triumphs, and abound
In tender ministries all day long,
May suddenly break forth in song.

So blind are we, we fail to see
When they are near to you and me ;
So near that they might touch our hand
And tell us of that strange, fair land.

That sacred hour which we call death,
Ends not our life, e'en when the breath
Forsakes the tottering house of clay,
Leaves open doors, and speeds away.

Death's but the twilight at the close
Of life's brief day, whose tints of rose
And golden gleams foretell the dawn
Of morning light, where they have gone.

No shadow dark, no valley drear,
Lies 'twixt the "over there" and here ;
'Tis but a thin and dimming veil,
Rending of which we'll gladly hail.

Yes, some time at the close of day
Perchance we'll fold our hands and say,
"The day's work's done ; good night, good night !"
Begin next morn in heaven's clear light.

A YEAR OF LIFE.

A YEAR, a single year of life !
Who can its history write ?
Its tale of suffering, hours of strife,
With wrong against the right.

A year, a single year of life !
Its heartaches and its tears ;
Its hours with speechless anguish rife,
Its anxious thoughts and fears.

But what do human heartaches mean ?
These awful throes of pain ;
They must give birth to joy, I ween,
And bring eternal gain.

And what is suffering but the fire
Which melts, refines the gold ;
Which purgeth, cleanseth each desire,
And bringeth peace untold ?

A year, a single year of life !
Write it as God doth see.
Write rest for pain, write peace for strife ;
How changed the year would be !

OUR THOUGHTS.

"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."—Prov. xxiii, 7.

OUR thoughts are real things ;
They move on noiseless wings ;
Though all unseen, they fly through space,
Impress they leave on heart and face ;
Man's thinking right brings doing right,
As sure as day succeeds the night ;
All depends on what he thinks.

Yes, thoughts are real things ;
They fly on lightning wings ;
They may wound or bring healing balm,
Give throbbing pain or sweetest calm,
And all that man may ever be,
Throughout both time and eternity ;
All depends on what he thinks.

MY NEW NAME.

"I will write upon him my new name."—Rev. iii, 12. "And his name shall be in their foreheads."—Rev. xxii, 4.

MY new name ! What will it be ?
Throughout the long eternity,
Written upon my forehead white,
In characters ablaze with light.

My new name ! will angels know
And speak it, as to me they show
The mysteries of that place called heaven,
And tell me why to me it's given ?

Father, mother, lover, friend,
These dear relations ! must they end ?
Yet know each other, though we be
Called by new name, both you and me ?

My new name ! ah, yes, I see
What my new name must surely be ;
For I shall bear my Father's name,
That name for evermore the same.

His name is Love, and that must be
The new name God will give to me ;
To all His children give the same,
His name is Love—O, precious name !

That name, already written here
Within my heart ; prelude of there,
Where God will write with hand divine
His precious name on forehead mine,
In characters ablaze with light,
Forever beaming in his sight.
All other names be lost in this,
His name of Love, transcendent bliss !

MY TREASURES.

A LITTLE sock, faded and old,
A lock of hair, its hue of gold ;
A toy which once gave much delight,
The memory of a face so bright.
These are my treasures stored away,
Where I review them every day.

My thoughts move on for years ; I ween
I see a happy girl, eighteen ;
The hair has changed from gold to brown,
And now she wears a woman's gown.
These thoughts, my treasures stored away,
Where I review them every day.

I see a marriage altar white
With Easter bloom, while love's pure light
Illumes the fair and girlish face,
Crownéd to-day with bridal grace.
These thoughts, my treasures stored away,
Where I review them every day.

I see a casket—'neath its lid
That precious form is wholly hid.
A rose-strewn grave is left to me,
This, and a sacred memory.

And though my heart doth throb and ache,
I would not, no! for love's dear sake,
I would not call her back to me,
Fetter again a soul that's free.
These thoughts, my treasures stored away,
Where I review them every day.

SEE GOOD ONLY.

Don't look for faults as you travel life's way;
There are always some clouds in every day.
What we find depends on whether we trace
For some form of angle or curve of grace.
There never was known such a lone, dark night
But somewhere the eye could discern some light;
Though starlight failed, and the moon hid her face,
From some distant point some light we could trace.
There never was found the marble so cold
Its brittle compass within did not hold
Some form of beauty, if only the hand
Was that of a master who chiseled and planned.
There's a spark that's divine in each of our race;
In each there are angles, in each curves of grace.
There are forces we daily meet on life's way,
Which call forth the curves and the angles each day.

Be blind to the angles, but strive hard to see
The fair impress of grace. Let sweet charity
Hide the flaw which would mar the rare form of grace,
For you know there are spots on the sun's fair face.

RESIGNATION.

I DO not know
Just why it is,
But I am sure
That God would never give,
And then so soon would take,
And make a poor heart bleed and ache.
Did He not mean
That in "the little while between"
He'd show me how a heart may bleed and ache,
And yet grow strong, though tender, for love's sake?
Like gardeners whom we often see,
Just so, I sometimes think, that He
Sees that the tender plant must have more sun;
And thus transplants it, when its life has just begun.
Then, from the new-fed root,
Comes forth the tender shoot,
And, in the harvest, perfect fruit.

I am quite sure that He
Knows what is best for mine and me ;
That He can change despair
Into the fervent, grateful prayer.
What He has done, is but to take his own,
Like lapidist who takes the wayside stone,
Carries it home, and polishes and makes so fair.
Just so, I'm sure, that "over there"
I'll find my own
So radiant grown.
I wonder if they really see
When I am sad ; or if there be
A yearning in their hearts to tell,
What I so long to know. Ah ! well,
Some time, in that "sweet by and by,"
We shall united be, my own and I ;
Though they so beautiful have grown,
I'm sure I'll recognize my own ;
And in that glad, that glorious, perfect day,
I shall forget that they have been so long away.

THE SIGHING WIND.

O HUSH thee, hush thee, sighing wind !
Such agony is in thy cry ;
It tells of all earth's vanished hopes,
Of all earth's pleasures lost for aye.

Thou seemest to have gathered up
All scalding tears, all cries of pain ;
Mixed with despair and heartaches deep,
Thou tellest them all in thy refrain.

O hush thy sad and plaintive strain !
I cannot hear thy tale of woe.
Thou, thou art Nature's pleading voice,
I bid thee in her name to go.

Go, hide thee in some cavern deep !
Go, like a weary child to rest.
Forget thy tale of aching hearts,
In happy visions of the blest.

MISCELLANEOUS SEED-THOUGHTS.

A NAME to live ! Where shall I carve it ?

On granite wall, or on the marble white ?

No ! these must crumble ; let me write it

On human hearts. There with Love's pencil write
My name, in kindly, self-forgetful deeds,
Always remembering my brother's needs.
For hearts, though plastic, they are all-enduring,
By writing there I am eternal love securing.

EVERY holy aspiration
Is the Father's inspiration ;
And each noble, high endeavor
Bears his impress, and forever
Echoes God.

WEED out of life's garden all doubt and all fear,
In place of these thorns grow the plant of good cheer.
And lo ! close beside it will blossom sweet love,
And she will command the sunlight from above ;
And thy garden will yield thee all thy soul needs,
While thy life will be fruitful with holiest deeds.

FROM heaven's high battlements I'm sure they wait us ;
List for our voice ; wonder what may belate us ;
Oft look to see if we have come. They ne'er forget
That last, fond kiss thrilling with love. And yet
They do remember all the past, the happy past.
To them heaven's joy still richer grows, because at last
We shall be with them. How gladly they will lead
Us to those pastures rich and fair, where we shall feed.
In light of their glad smile, we'll list to hear them sing
The wonders of that land and beauty of its King.

SCATTER SUNSHINE.

SCATTER sunshine, scatter blessings, scatter both with pray-
ing breath ;
In some hour of sore temptation they may save a soul from
death ;
And perchance in after ages, when beneath the sod you
sleep,
From your sowing, even strangers, may both strength and
gladness reap.

Hast thou sorrow? Gently veil it—veil it with a tranquil face ;

Blend thy minor chords with praises—praises for the power of grace.

Lo ! thy heart will cease its aching, and thy wounds begin to heal ;

And, though not a word be uttered, other hearts thy calm will feel.

MY WORLD.

EACH day I look into a face
Where other eyes would fail to trace
One line of beauty or of grace ;
Or they might call it commonplace.
Yet, as these eyes look into mine,
A mellow light on me they shine ;
And the plain face seems wondrous fair
To me, for love is written there.
And as we say of some bright star
Which beams its mellow light afar,
A world ! though very far away,
So in my heart I often say,
My world ! as look I in those eyes
Lighted with love which never dies.

THE UNMEASURED.

"Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

LONGFELLOW.

O VAST, unmeasured, trackless space,
Untrod by foot of human race ;
Where night doth alternate with day ;
Perchance where disrobed spirits stay.

Thou hast a beauty all thine own ;
Where great hath to the greater grown.
From hill-crest heights we stand and gaze
On sun and moon and stars ablaze.

The soundless march of thy great host,
Its brilliant, blazing splendors lost
In speechless stillness—silent power ;
Lo ! souls are awed in such an hour.

Thy roof of blue, studded with star,
Is but the index of the far
Away concealed worlds of light,
All unperceived by human sight.

O Great Creator ! greater far
Than blazing sun, or moon, or star ;
Greater must the Creator be
Than His creations, which we see.

Ah! fleeting years of mortal life,
Composed too much of anxious strife;
How feeble is the power of man
To that which holds the worlds in span!
Yet *more than mortal* far is man;
Greater than world on worlds in span.
This green and hill-crowned earth is school;
And all created things his rule.
His body fades—he (spirit) lives—
Divines all secret laws and gives
Full play to his divinest powers,
When death holds scepter o'er his hours.
How empty is all human speech!
How far above all finite reach
Is comprehension of God's plan,
Or measure of the power of man!

MAMMA'S HAND.

ON the couch our loved was lying,
Pallid, feeble, suffering, dying;
Bending o'er in ministration,
Offering sweetest consolation,

Stood the mother, wan with weeping—
Still her faithful watch was keeping.
Those dear eyes with strange light glisten ;
From her lips a whisper—listen !
“ There are no hands like mamma’s hands.”

Bright the sunlight of that morning
When Death’s angel gave us warning
That the journey’s end was nearing,
And our loved one saw the clearing
Of that country free from sorrow ;
Where to-day and where to-morrow
Find no mention in those ages ;
Never fall from lips of sages ;
But where life eternal reigns.

Looking toward the one who bore her,
The loved mother bending o’er her,
From her eyes a radiance gleaming,
Face with tenderest love was beaming,
Pallid lips, half parted, smiling ;
And some angel seemed beguiling
Her, as one cold hand, then the other,
Placed she in the hand of mother.
“ There are no hands like mamma’s hands.”

Then Death's angel hastened to her,
Kissed her cheek to gently woo her;
Must have whispered words of gladness,
For no trace of grief or sadness
Left he as he sped her nearing
Toward that heavenly home, naught fearing,
As she smiled, then whispered—left us ;
Thus the angel had bereft us.
Still there linger in our hearing
Her sweet words, when near the clearing,
“There are no hands like mamma's hands.”

Hungry-hearted, sometimes weeping ;
Still I'm daily, hourly reaping
Sweetest comfort from the sowing
Of her words, before her going
To that land where every nation
Joins in sweetest adoration.
There she needs no consolation,
No maternal ministration—
Some glad day I know I'll meet her,
And with blissful memories greet her ;
While with heavenly light will glisten
Those dear eyes the while I listen ;

Yes, her love is still unbroken,
Though I may not see its token.
'Mid the crystal fountains playing,
Still I know her heart is saying,
"There are no hands like mamma's hands."

MY SILENT HARP.

My harp lay silent while the sun
Shone on its chords till day was done.
At twilight, o'er my harp the zephyrs swept,
And lo ! a sound as if an angel wept.
The shadows deepened ; darkest night
Came on, and robbed the sky of light.
Then o'er my harp-chords swept a blast,
Quivering each chord, until at last
Music, like echoes from the angel choirs,
Came forth from those once silent wires.
My heart ! behold thy life, I cried,
Songless, although on every side
God's sunshine kissed thy silent strings,
Then hopes are blighted ; lo ! this brings
From thy mute chords a cry—a moan.
Then storm, into a tempest grown,

Sweeps rudely o'er thy unused strings,
As if to rend the trembling things ;
And yet they break not, and the moan,
Which answered pain's first touch, hath grown
Into a plaintive, tender song,
Blended with praises sweet and strong.

THE LAST CHAPTER OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

A MORNING dawned upon our home—
A morning bright we never can forget ;
That morn we gathered round our family board,
To sup once more with her, our only one ;
For ere the sun would reach its noonday height
She to another would be given.
The morning meal hour sped on rapid wing away—
Once more we knelt together for our family prayer ;
The father prayed as only parent can
When the great heart-deeps of a father's warm
And loving heart are stirred.
Praise and thanksgiving, too, were blended
In that prayer. Thanks that for twenty years
And more a precious life was lived
Within the sweetly sacred precincts of our home.

Thanks, too, were offered for a love so warm
That through those years it had so welded
These fondly tender hearts in one.
The "Amen" was said ; and all who bowed that morn
Around that sacred, dear home-altar, joined in the "Amen."
The hours flew by. The sacred, sad, bright, happy hour
Drew near. Fond, loyal friends had gathered
In our home to celebrate with us
The sacred marriage sacrament.
The waving palms, in all their stateliness,
Spread out their branches like so many hands
In sweetest benediction, and seemed to say,
"Our stateliness but faintly typifies
The queenliness of her, the sweet girl-bride,
Whose bridal day we decorate with all
Our beauty." The Easter lilies,
Sending forth their perfume rare, seemed vying
With each other in their incense sweet ;
And seemed to say, "We bless thee
In the name of love and purity."
The very air seemed quivering with blessing—
The wedding march rang out its merry tones,
Breaking the quiet of that room,
Whose threshold soon was crossed

By the fond two—the bridal pair.
The sacred words which made “The twain
One flesh” were by the father said
The benediction prayer was ended.
Then hosts of wishes, pure as angels are,
Were showered upon the happy twain.
The wedding feast soon o’er,
Out from our home, with heart filled
With new joy, our precious treasure went;
Followed by God’s good messenger of peace,
The fervent prayers of loving hearts.
Ah ! well—how well, we did not know
That never to our home again
Our precious, only one would ever come.
Those feet, whose lithesome tread for more
Than twenty years had been the herald
Of a presence sweet, would never waken
Us from revery again.
That never we should hear her voice
Again in song, or light our home again
With her sweet smile, or warm our hearts
By her love-fires within our home.
On toward the sunny South the happy two
Wended their way. While we, the parents,

Stayed within the empty home—
With still more empty hearts ; and yet
For very love of her whose joy we strove
To make our own, we would not call
Her back to us again.
How can my tongue repeat, or how my pen
Command itself to tell the story
Of that wedded bliss, so soon alloyed with pain ?
The love which held the happy two, with hearts
So closely bound that they must beat in unison—
That love was keen to feel the presence
Of a grim destroyer near.
The bride—the fair, young, happy bride
Began to wear a glow of cheek too bright
For e'en a bride to wear in celebration
Of her wedded bliss.
Her eye with strange, unnatural luster shone—
Like one who looked away from earth,
And with a supernatural power gazed out
Into the long eternities. The pallid face
Foretold the fact that, not so very far away,
Were the white robes awaiting her.
The hollow cough, like some sad funeral dirge,
Awakened saddest thoughts, and prophesied

The damp and darkness of the tomb.
The fell destroyer loosened not his grasp
Upon our darling one, but slowly stole away
Her life's blood day by day.
At length upon her couch our darling lay—
Weary and waiting for her summons home.
Complaining words were never heard,
Because her loving God did in his wisdom
Choose to blight, in very bud, her wedded bliss.
But with clear faith in Him "who doeth
All things well" she calmly turned her face
Toward death's lone, shadowed vale.
She saw no specters to affright, but saw
The tender Shepherd there—she felt
The comforts of His rod and staff.
She knew the shadow-valley led to light
And joy supernal. And in her soul she fed
At the rich table He, her Shepherd, had prepared.
She felt the anointing of His tender hand,
And with His blessings rich her cup ran o'er.
We sat beside her with sad hearts, and yet
Were full of gratitude. Yea, more than this;
With praise to Him whose power of grace
Had touched the heart of her, our only one,

And made her victor. We watched the failing strength,
The feeble form wasting and fading fast away.
At length there dawned another day—
A day we never can forget,
When God's glad sunshine seemed to say,
"Poor, weary one! I'm here to warm and light
Thy journey home."
Her second marriage day had come—
And she our loved one went away
To be the bride of Christ.
The garment frail, which she had worn
For five and twenty years, she cast aside.
The crumbling house of clay in which she lived
Her earth life, this we laid beneath the sod,
Covered with roses and the violets she loved so well;
While she, our precious one, whose fetters
Death had broke, had reached
The upper ether of that land that hath no storms—
Where every tear is wiped away—
Where sorrow, sickness, pain, are strangers,
All unknown to the great throng
Of ransomed ones whom she had joined.
To us the lonely room, the vacant chair—
The empty cot. To her the victor's crown—

The robe of white—the undimmed
Radiance of the Saviour's face.
How can I better close this chapter
Of her life so brief and beautiful
Than to repeat the tender words
She uttered just before she "crossed the bar :"
"I do not know *where* heaven is, but this
I *know*, it means to be with Christ ;
This knowledge is enough for me."









